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THE WEB OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ELSIE MAY.

Like a mystic web is this life of ours,
Where figures of light and shade,
By the busy shaft of Time's subtle loom,
Are wondrously interlaid.

And to us alone has the power been given
Of guiding that magic loom,
And to that the threads that it interweaves
With beauty's unfading bloom.

In the grey head warp must our fingers place
A woof with rare brightness fraught,
By our hands the web of our inner life
Be truly and finely wrought.

'Tis a fearful task, and of import great;
For every thread misplaced
Will some beauty mar of that peerless work,
It might have so richly graced.

Let us each with care weave that texture strange,
And strive, with unwearied hand,
That our great life work may, when fully wrought,
Perfected in beauty, stand.

And when each bright thread has been woven in,
And every part well done,
We can give it back to our Master's hand,
For crowns that our toil has won.

LONDON AFTER DARK.

On this Tale is Founded the Popular Drama.

CHAPTER XXIV.

QUERIES PARTLY SOLVED—THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED.

Having given his instructions to Sharkey Morris and left him to encounter Eliza, Millington hurried with all the speed he could in search of old Tom Boozey.

"The game has commenced; I am now indeed in the very flush of it," thought Millington, "and win or lose, will play it out. But I cannot fail. I am certain to win, for every card is in my favor. If Sharkey should not succeed in persuading that girl Eliza to make herself scarce, old Tom shall rid me of her. As to that meddling fellow, Richard Brandon, he shall no longer trouble me; come to-morrow night and his doom is sealed."

Having reached his associate's establishment a good half hour before the doors would be opened to admit the public, Millington inquired if the man whom he desired to see had yet been there. Told that Old Boozey had not yet shown, but was certain presently to arrive, Millington placed himself on the watch, and in a very few minutes saw Tom shuffling along with his brace of bill boards, announcing the unrivaled entertainment offered to the public at the Nonpareil Music Hall.

"All in good time, here comes the old animated sandwich," said Millington.

And then, accosting Boozey:—

"Get rid of your boards, Tom, and come along with me; I have something particular to say to you."

"To me?" said Tom, appearing considerably surprised.

"Yes, to you. Come along."

Millington led the way to Sharkey's private apartment.

"Sit down, Tom, while I ring the bell and order a little of your favorite refreshment, for I know you do not like dry talking."

"No," hastily cried Boozey, "order nothing for me; I have left off drinking altogether."

"No wonder, then, that you look so dull and miserable. But we will soon alter all that. Bring a bottle of your very best gin," Millington said to the man who answered the bell.

"I shall not touch a drop of it," resolutely said Boozey.

"We shall see all about that, presently," thought Millington.

Old Tom had, indeed, as the man then with him had just said, a dull and miserable look.

The sudden, and so far since his promise successful, deprivation of the liquor that had been everything to him, had carried with it a very painful depression, which was greatly increased by his fears that Eliza would not return to him, and that he should once more be left alone in the world. When leaving him that morning to proceed to Mr. Summerford's, the young girl had promised to be with him again in a couple of hours at farthest. Now night had come and she was still absent, and Old Tom, in every sense out of spirits, feared that he should see her no more, and felt as extremely wretched as he looked. The bottle of gin having been brought and placed upon the table, Millington filled a couple of glasses, and pushing one of them towards Old Tom, said:—

"There, old boy, drink that, and tell me if you ever tasted better stuff in all your life."

"No, no; not a drop, I tell you," Tom said, with trembling voice, and averting his eyes from the liquor, as if he could not trust himself to look at it.

"Come, drink, man—why, what has come to you!"

"No matter for that. Make haste and let me hear what 'tis you have to say to me, that I may be gone."

"And place yourself beyond reach of temptation, eh, old boy?" laughed Millington.

"If really you have aught to say to me, speak," impatiently cried Tom.

"Yes," said Millington, slowly and markedly, while his eyes were rivetted with a searching look on Boozey's countenance; "yes, indeed, I have much to say to you, for I have much to talk to you of—of Mary Pritchard!"

Old Tom sprang from his chair, violently exclaiming—

"No, no, we will not talk of her, we will not talk of Mary Pritchard, because, that—yes, that sets my head spinning, tears my heart in pieces, and—oh! yes, yes, sends me mad!"

Millington having gently pushed him back into his chair, placed in Old Tom's trembling hand one of the glasses that he had filled, and assisted him to raise it to his lips. Tom drained the glass at a single gulp.

"Well done," said Millington; "another, and you will be yourself again, and in a condition to listen to all that I have to say to you."

Taking from Tom's hand the empty glass, Millington replaced it with the second full one. Boozey looked at it, and appeared to hesitate for just a moment, then yielded, and that second glass was drained as quickly as had been the first. Millington smiled with great satisfaction, and proceeded:—

"You must not think that I am like those who sometimes enrage you by uttering that name; they speak without sense or reason, with no idea of what they are talking about."

"And you?" eagerly cried Tom.

"Oh, it is a different thing with me, very different—for I knew her."

"Ah," said Boozey, terribly agitated, "you knew Mary?"

Millington nodded.

"Oh, how beautiful she was, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"And good—too good—and so, died young."

"Barely five and twenty."

"That was all."

"Merton was the name of the village in which she dwelt."

"Yes," sighed Boozey.

"And living still and happy, had she been, if her husband had been faithful to her, to cherish and protect her."

Old Tom burst into tears.

"But one day he was arrested, tried and condemned, and justly so, for he was guilty."

"No, innocent!" exclaimed Tom.

"Well," carelessly said Millington, "innocent or guilty, what does it matter now?"

"Innocent, I tell you! I know it well; I committed not that robbery, have been throughout my life an honest man."

Again Millington's eyes were fixed penetratingly on Old Tom's face, and he was saying to himself:—

"I knew, was sure that it was he!"

And presently he said aloud:—

"Your true name then is Thomas Pritchard?"

"That was my name. Now, I am Old Tom—or Boozey—or anything they like to call me—I know not, care not."

"So, then, it is really you who were sentenced to twenty years penal servitude?"

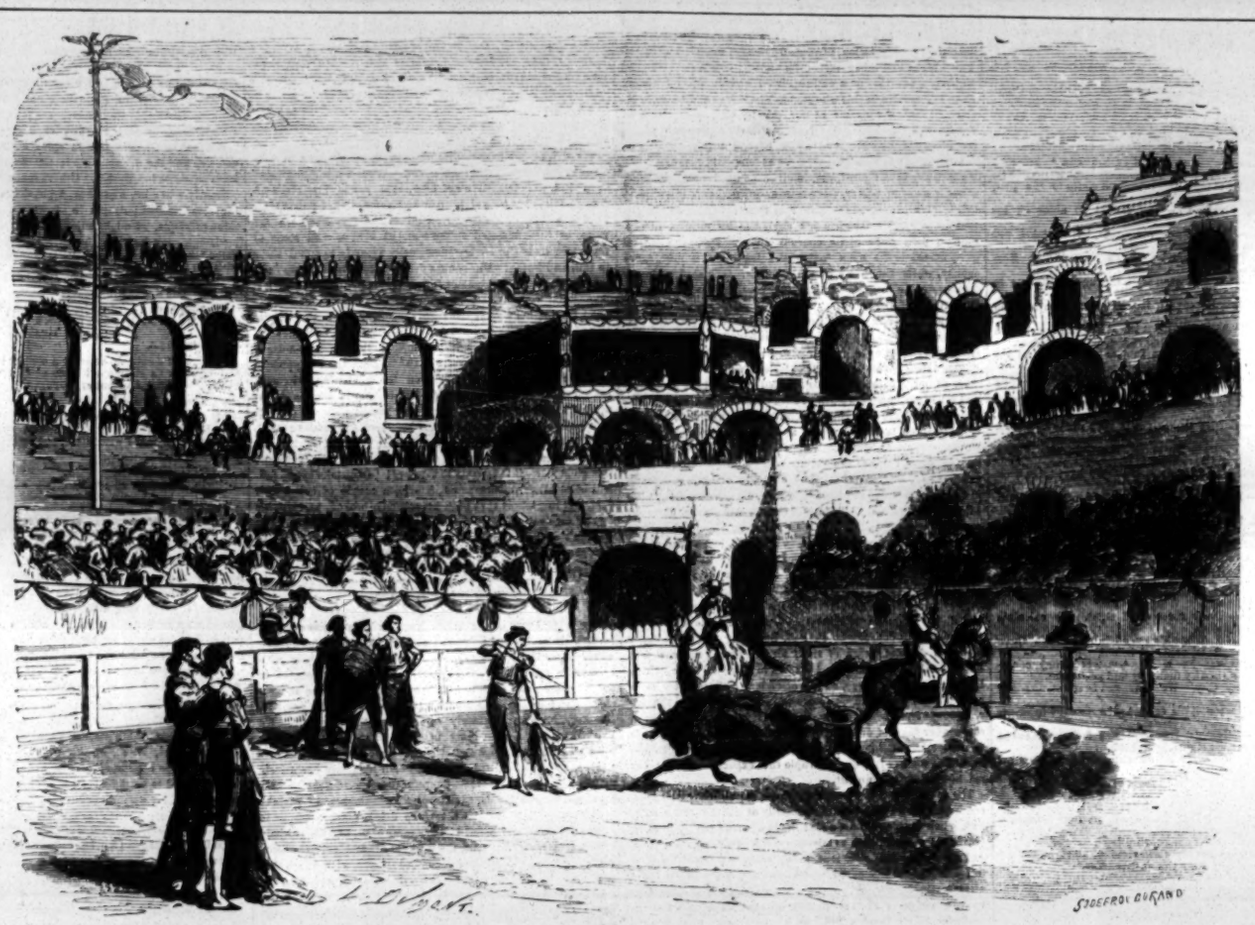
"Yes," groaned Old Tom, "I am he who has been made so greatly and so unjustly to suffer. I am he whom they snatched from her—from her whom I left behind, and about—oh, my God—about to become a mother! Such agony, so much suffering for her! Ah, it is perhaps a happiness that she is dead. Yes, when I returned, she had been dead three years."

"And you have been back, I think, two years?"

"Yes."

"And notwithstanding the many years that have passed, you would refuse to pardon the author of her death?"

"Pardon him! oh, never, never!"



BULL FIGHTING AT NIMES.

"And if you knew him—what would you do?"

"I would kill him!" responded Tom, in a deep, concentrated tone.

"Come, another glass," said Millington, handing it to Boozey, and then, in a hasty, nervous sort of way, swallowed a bumper himself.

During all the foregoing, Millington had filled glass after glass with the gin, which old Boozey had greedily swallowed, and the liquor had not stupified and made him drunk, but had frenzied, made him completely mad.

"Tom," said Millington, "that person to whom your wife owed her death——"

"Well?"

"I know her."

"Her?"

"Yes, it is a woman."

"A woman!"

"Herself less beautiful than Mary, she was envious, jealous—in short, hated her."

"Who is that woman?" eagerly cried Boozey; "who is she?"

"You may, perhaps, if you choose, see her this very evening."

"This evening! Where, tell me where?"

"In St. James' Park—just within Storey's Gate; you know that place?"

"Oh, yes."

"If she comes you will have no difficulty in recognising her; for she will herself say to you: 'I saw Mary Pritchard die.'"

"Ah," raved forth Tom, "should she say that—woe to her!"

He was hurrying away.

"Where are you going?" called Millington.

"To wait for her," hoarsely replied Boozey.

"Well," said Millington, pointing to the bottle, "there is still some left and you may as well take it with you."

"No, I don't want any more of that, or it will make me too unsteady to use this."

He drew from his pocket and showed to Millington a large clasp knife; and then, shouting forth an oath of vengeance, staggered away.

And when he was gone, Millington, in the coolest possible manner, said to himself:—

"If Eliza has consented to depart alone, the old fellow will have had his walk for nothing. If the girl goes to Storey's Gate, Old Tom, who is just now as mad as the most outrageous patient in Bedlam, will assuredly kill her. Either way she will be deprived of all power to interfere with that which I have determined to accomplish."

Boozey had not been gone many minutes when Sharkey Morris hurried into Millington's presence.

"Now, the girl?" said the latter.

"Couldn't persuade her to anything else, and she is gone to Storey's Gate."

"The fool!" cried Millington.

"And old Tom Boozey?"

"He will be there to meet her."

"And have you done as you said you would?"

"Yes."

"Mercy on us," said Sharkey, perfectly terrified, "then she is a dead woman?"

"She will be, in something less than half an hour, take my word for it, Sharkey," his daring associate very coolly responded. "I am rather sorry; I had quite a fancy for her; but it can't be helped, so we will say no more about it."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MEETING AT STOREY'S GATE.—AN ELUCIDATION AND A DISCOVERY.

Having reached Storey's Gate, Old Tom placed himself just within the park, to await the coming of the person he had been told to expect. And he was made to wait a considerable time, for great was the distance which Eliza had to travel in order to reach that spot. As the night advanced, few and far between were the passengers through that gate, to or from the park. Leaning against the railings, a few yards away, Boozey was able to observe every one that passed either into or out of the park. And at length, out of all patience:—

"The story of that woman was all a lie," savagely muttered Tom; "like all the rest who have made me their butt, he was playing with me, torturing me for his own sport."

But then he remembered all that Millington had known and told him. The place that Mary Pritchard had inhabited, her age, her death—that man had known and told him all that.

"Yes, yes," said Tom, "it is all true enough, and here I stay, though I should have to wait throughout the night. She will come, I no longer doubt it, and I will kill her. Yes, poor Mary, I will avenge you."

Then, the gin which he had right had taken having by this time considerably weakened in its effect upon his brain, Tom was about to think over the whole matter.

It had already occurred to him that it was something very strange that the woman who had slain his wife should come to that spot for the purpose of avowing her guilt.

"It is a cheat, a shameful trick, and I will remain here no longer."

Just as Old Tom had said that to himself, he perceived a female standing at the entrance to the park, and bending forward as if her eyes were seeking some one.

"That must be she," thought Boozey, "and strange as is the mystery of all this, that man has not lied to me."

Eliza had been compelled to walk the whole distance from The Laurels to the park, and when at last she arrived at the spot to which she had been directed, was in a state of almost complete exhaustion. Nearly prostrated before she commenced that journey, by the emmany great emotions of which already in the course of that day she had been the victim, Eliza had been sustained, and had found strength still to endure by her great love for and eager longing to be again with Walter Brandon. But when Eliza had reached Storey's Gate, and distinguished just within the park a man crouching against the railings, and thought of the words that she was charged to say to him, the courage that had so long sustained seemed all at once to desert her. But she could not retreat with any hope of escape; her strength was too far gone for that. As she stood in mortal dread, and now suspecting that she had fallen into a trap which had been prepared to ensnare and perhaps to destroy her, she felt herself rudely seized and dragged within the park.

"Who are you? What would you with me?" Eliza tremblingly said, and was about to shriek aloud.

But hardly had she spoken when—

"That voice!" exclaimed Old Tom; and immediately there was a mutual recognition.

"You! it is you!" cried Eliza, in joyful surprise.

"My poor child, who told you—how did you know that you would find me here?"

"I had not thought that I should see you."

"Indeed! How then?"

"I was told only that I should find here some one who——"

"Some one," excitedly interrupted Boozey; "you—no, no, go away—go away."

"I cannot do that."

"Why can't you?"

"Ah," Eliza reproachfully said, "you have not kept your word with me."

"In what?" Then recollecting—

"Never mind that, but tell me——"

"First tell me, how it is that I find you here."

"Because," jerked forth Tom, "I am waiting to—and here I must remain—for I have work in hand that——"

"What work?"

"No matter; and not before you," he forcibly cried; "go away, go away!"

"He is crazed again with that horrible liquor," thought Eliza.

And then it occurred to her that as old Boozey was waiting there, it must be that, by some strange chance, he it was who had been appointed to conduct her to Walter.

Then she said to Tom:—

"I have already told you that I have been sent here to see some one."

"Oh," shuddered Boozey, "it can't be possible that——"

"What can't be possible?"

"Nothing—go away, I tell you; can't you see that there is no one else, that I am the only person waiting here!"

"'Tis very singular, I cannot understand it!"

"Do not seek to understand, but go away."

"No; for it must mean that 'tis you who know——"

"What?"

"Where *he* may be found."

"What say you?" said Boozey, wondering and astonished.

"It is to you then that I was to speak; to you that I have been told to say——"

"What?" hoarsely cried Boozey, plunging his hand beneath his vest. "To say what?"

"I saw Mary Pritchard die," slowly and sadly responded Eliza.

Old Tom drew forth his knife, and Eliza uttered a low cry of terror, as he clutched her arm and raised the weapon, as if about to plunge it into her breast. But he did not strike. The hand which held the knife dropped to his side, and the love that had entered his heart for her whose life he had saved, contending with the rage that bade him vow to kill her; he faltered:—

"Oh! again! repeat those words! had they been spoken by another than you, already all would have been ended, but you, I hesitate, and think, and feel as though I could not, dared not!"

"Be calm; for mercy's sake, be calm!" pleaded Eliza. "Had you not been told that a woman would come to this place?"

"A woman! yes, yes, go on."

"That just within the park you were to await her arrival."

"Yes, within the park; go on," hastily muttered Boozey, turning the knife about within his hand.

"And, that when she had said to you—'I saw Mary Pritchard die'—you were then to——"

"To kill you," Boozey interrupted with a savage growl, and again raising his knife.

"Spare me! For heaven's sake, listen to me!" cried Eliza, sinking on her knees, and extending towards him her clasped hands. "Do not, in the madness of intoxication, become the murderer of a poor, unhappy girl, who, with her whole soul, has learned to love you."

"Love me! miserable wretch! Oh, little did I think when I dragged you from the river that you were a viper that had so cruelly stung me!"

"I was told to say those miserable words, and, as I was made to believe that the greatest, the only happiness I can hope to know on earth depended on my pronouncing them, I consented—and greatly was I amazed that they should be given me to speak, for it is the truth that——"

"That you saw Mary Pritchard die?"

"Yes," mournfully said Eliza, "she was my mother!"

The knife fell from Old Tom's hand and he reeled and clung to the park railings.

"Your mother!—your—mother! Oh, my God! my God!" Tom tremblingly and inaudibly whispered.

Eliza rose from her knees and sprang towards him.

"Your mother—your mother?" repeated Boozey, and throwing his arms around her, he drew her to his breast.

"Why do you thus gaze upon me?" said the wondering girl; "you but now so menacing and terrible. Wherefore do you thus press me within your arms? you who were about to kill me?"

"Wherefore?" sobbed Tom; "oh, I cannot tell you—I am choking—I cannot speak—the emotion—the joy—the happiness. Your mother!—she—your mother was my wife!"

Those words almost overpowered Eliza.

"Oh, heaven!" she cried "you, then, are——"

"I am Thomas Pritchard!"

Eliza threw herself into his arms, fondly and tenderly, murmuring:—

"My father! My father!"

"Ah," said Tom, "the emotion I experienced when this morning you called me by that name is now accounted for—my heart was whispering to me that you were indeed my child—say father once again!"

"Father," repeated Eliza.

"Ah! how that word soothes and warms me; now, I breathe again—I no longer suffer—and these are joyful tears that I am shedding now! My child, my daughter—it is she," he cried, again and again embracing her, "she to whom my poor Mary was about to give birth when I was torn from her. Oh! heaven! oh, heaven!" and he cast himself upon his knees—"for fifteen years—for fifteen years I have not prayed to you, and yet you have had pity on me, have given my daughter to my arms! Oh, heaven—how great and good—how merciful thou art!"

"Ah, father, never again will we be separated."

"No, never—never; you shall talk to me often of your poor mother!"

"Who taught me to love and cherish you—who in dying, blessed you!"

"Ah, yes, for well did she know that I was not guilty."

"Yes, father, yes—she knew it, and fell a victim to that assurance.

"How say you?"

"Her life was sought by the wretches who slew her, because at last she had obtained, and had in her possession the proof of your innocence."

"The proof of——?"

"And because she had discovered the name of the true culprit?"

"And that was——" eagerly cried Boozey.

"Richard Spencer," replied Eliza.

"I know him not," said Old Tom, "have never before heard that name."

"He it was who had committed that robbery of which you were accused, and for which you have so long and so unjustly suffered; and when my mother, after much seeking and many difficulties, was about to proclaim your innocence, he again it was who murdered my poor mother!"

"And for me she perished! Oh," exclaimed Boozey, "if one day I should find that man——"

"But your name, dear father, will be cleansed from all stain; the injustice beneath which you for so many long years have groaned shall now be made known to the whole world."

"Darling child!"

"Long—very long, have I been seeking you—long have I implored of heaven to restore you to my tenderness, and it is when I had ceased to hope that Providence has reunited us.

"And I, when heaven had sent you to me, was about to kill you!" cried Old Tom, with remorseful agony. "But you know, you saw, darling—did you not? that even while pronouncing those terrible words, I hesitated and trembled. I could not—no, I could not commit that act of vengeance which I had sworn to accomplish. Oh, it was because a voice within my heart commanded me to forbear—because already I loved you—because blood was speaking!"

"But who was it that had accused me?"

"A man named Millington."

"That infamous villain!" said Eliza, shuddering violently, and at once comprehending wherefore Millington had been anxious for her destruction.

"The monster would have had me kill my own daughter! Oh, woe to him—woe to him!" determinedly exclaimed Eliza's father.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NONPAREIL MUSIC HALL—MIRTH AND MURDER—THE EXPECTED VICTIM.

A very peculiar establishment, as we shall presently be made to understand, was that belonging to Mr. Sharkey Morris, and of which mention has been, during the course of this story, so frequently made. There was the raised stage, with the usual and necessary accessories on which the "Professionals," singers, dancers, and acrobats, displayed their talents to admiring and enthusiastic audiences. By no means, however, a place of fashionable resort; indeed, the very opposite of that, was the Nonpareil Music Hall. In one corner of the room, where scarcely a glimpse of the stage could be obtained, stood a long table, imperfectly covered with a piece of baize, whose color had originally been green, but which time and wear had changed to various and indescribable hues. The men seated about that table cared nothing for the entertainment in progress on the stage, being deeply engaged in a very exciting performance of their own.

They were in fact busy with cards and "loo," and "Put" and "all fours" were the games on hand. And those games were played with tolerable fairness, just because every one engaged in them was an expert cheat. An attempt at "sharping" was almost certain of detection, and anything but agreeable the fate reserved for the culprit. In the centre of the so termed hall, and directly facing the stage, was a very seedy bagatelle table and that also was surrounded with players, for whom the professionals appeared to have no sort of attraction whatever. The audience was not numerous, neither could it be called select; since, among the three dozen or so which formed it, and to the full as respectable as the rest, were several of the gentlemen whose acquaintance we first made at Mr. Poplar's hotel under Blackfriars Bridge.

From this night's entertainment the general public had been excluded, a notice having been posted on the door which stated that the performances were to be under private and special patronage. Nearly every one was smoking and quite every one was drinking; and, to judge by the uproar, everybody must have been talking. The sound of the chairman's hammer, and his announcement that Mr. So-and-so would sing the next song, were scarcely heard at all amidst the din and clatter that prevailed. The talking was not certainly quite so loud and general while the performers were on the stage, which caused to be distinctly audible, at every instant during a sentimental song, the clatter of the bagatelle balls and the thumping on the table of the gentlemen who were playing at "Put." Mr. Poplar and Nat Nickem were playing at bagatelle.

"There," said the former, "I have polished you off again, Mr. Nickem."

"You must have been brought up to it very young, Old Poplar," returned Nat; "and you are such a long 'un that you reach halfway up the board."

"There ain't no occasion for no insulting observations," indignantly cried the proprietor of the Blackfriars hotel.

"Never mind, old boy, I'll try my luck against you once more."

"That's right, Nat, come along. And if I should quite clean you out, as I expect to do, you shall have a bed at my hotel to-night free gratis for nothing."

The chairman at length announced that Mr. Funnieman would oblige with the popular song of "Tommy Dodd."

There was a tremendous hammering on the tables, and for the first time that night something like an attentive audience.

The bagatelle balls ceased to rattle until Mr. Funnieman was done with, and the card players left the table in order that they might assist in the chorus which was sung after each verse of "Tommy Dodd," and in which every one of the audience assisted with all the strength of their lungs.

"Tommy Dodd" concluded the performances and the curtain fell to rise no more that night.

During all this time Millington and Sharkey Morris had been seated apart from the rest in a corner at the extreme end of the hall.

No one had ventured to intrude upon them, and thus removed from the general clamor they were able to hear themselves speak.

Morris was pale and nervous, but Millington seemed as cool and imperturbable as ever.

"But," stammered Sharkey, in reply to something that his associate had just said, "it looks to me dangerous, dreadfully dangerous, and I can't understand how——"

"That I can believe," Millington coolly replied; "but I ask only that you should assist me; whether you understand or not is of very little consequence."

"Oh, but I must and I will understand all about it; I don't mean to run myself into danger; I must see my way clearly; I am a man of property, and want to live to enjoy it."

"You always will be a fool, Sharkey."

"Possibly. But, for all that——"

"Well?"

"Well," shivered Morris, "you have told me that Richard Brandon is this night to be put out of the way, but you haven't told me how, and if I don't know that——"

"Well?"

"Well, if I don't and am not convinced that I shall run no risk, I won't have him come here."

"That I have not already told you in what manner I intend to dispose of Richard Brandon has been out of mercy to you."

"No doubt about it," Sharkey ironically said. "I have had plenty of opportunities of knowing what a merciful chap you are!"

"It is nevertheless true what I tell you. You are so great a coward, and have so many qualms of conscience, that I wished on this occasion to spare you."

"Yes, I dare say—very likely—shouldn't wonder!" doubtfully said Sharkey; "but for all that, I should prefer to know——"

"Very well. I need not tell you that the back of this hall of yours touches the wall of the Underground Railway?"

"Yay of course I know that well enough."

"And you also know that a few months ago we made an opening through the wall of one of your cellars, that we might step out upon the railway."

"Don't remind me of that night, pray don't," gasped Sharkey, with a trembling hand seizing and draining to the bottom his glass of brandy and water.

"Those bricks were easily removed, and as easily replaced, and so can be again. When we have quite done with Mr. Richard Brandon, we place him upon the rails; almost as soon as that is done a train passes over and so disfigures him that no one is able to identify his mangled body——"

"Oh, don't, for goodness sake, don't!" stammered Morris.

"The case is reported in the newspapers as suicide by a gentleman unknown—and there is an end of the whole affair."

"Yes, yes, that's right, I see that."

"Well, then, leave off trembling, since I have shown you that you will incur no danger in the business, and that is all you care about."

"Well, you know, a man's bound to take care of himself, if he can. If a man don't look out for himself, there's nobody else as will look out for him."

"Yes, Sharkey, my boy, I have had good reason to know that you are not very particular as to what you see done, if only your own safety can be assured, and so have never entertained a doubt of your readiness to aid me in the disposal of the gentleman who will presently be here."

"Well, but you know, when we have settled with him, we mayn't be a bit nearer what we are working for."

"How is that?"

"Why, as his brother has taken himself out of the way——"

"If it were necessary he could soon be hunted out."

"Well, and of course it will be necessary if we are to go on."

"Not the slightest occasion that we should give ourselves that trouble, since Walter is certain to return to us of his own accord, ready to proceed with that marriage as soon as ever he has learned that his darling Eliza has disappeared. Leave him to me, Sharkey."

"Don't I leave everything and everybody to you?"

"If he will not allow himself to be led he must be driven. But I expect little further trouble with him: never man more eager for all the enjoyments wealth can purchase, nor less inclined to endure the stings of poverty, and even were that girl Eliza still in the way we should now, I believe, find him tractable to our wishes."

"I don't know so much about that."

"Well, at any rate, Miss Eliza will trouble us no more; old Boozey, I feel quite sure, has very effectually silenced her."

"You really believe," trembled Sharkey, "that he has killed the girl?"

"Yes, I well primed him for his work, and sent him to the meeting with her in a state of perfect madness."

"Oh, dear!—you did not tell me that you intended to have her killed—you gave me only to understand——"

"Sharkey, my good fellow, why will you insist on talking of your understanding, when you ought to know well by this time that you have not and have never had any."

"And you can actually cut your jokes now," cried Sharkey, with mingled admiration and terror, "now, when you are preparing to——"

"And why not?" interrupted Millington. "I am not one to play the gloomy ruffian, and, however heavy the work in hand, always try to make it light and pleasant."

"But what has become of Old Tom?"

"I neither know nor care."

"He hasn't been here since you sent him away last night."

"Which is to me a convincing proof that Eliza has perished by his hand."

"Suppose he has been taken?"

"In that case he will certainly be hanged," Millington coolly responded.

"But," anxiously inquired Morris, "won't he be able to implicate us in the business?"

"Sharkey, that question is too ridiculous even for you, who ought to know that I never bungle my work."

Sharkey Morris looked at his watch, and said—

"Ten o'clock, and Richard Brandon not here. Perhaps he won't come at all."

"I feel certain that he will."

"But think what a neighborhood he will be coming to!"

"He will know nothing of that until he has fairly entered it."

"But suppose when he has entered it he should not like its appearance and should turn back and go home again? If I was in his place, that's just what I should do, I am quite sure."

"And just what he will not do; I have taken good care of that."

"How?"

"I have posted sentinels, here and there, in the adjacent streets, who would quickly inform me should he at all hesitate to advance, and then I would hurry out and bring him hither myself."

Just then a man came hurrying into the hall, and running to Millington, gave a sign, which was perfectly well comprehended.

"What did I tell you, Sharkey?" Millington hastily and in a low tone said to the Jew. "He is here!"

"Where?"

"Look!"

Millington pointed towards a door, which had a moment before been thrown wide open, and Morris shivered as he saw the intended victim standing on its threshold. And remaining there, Richard Brandon seemed to hesitate as to whether he should enter the hall, and appeared to be mistrustfully examining the place, and the very far from prepossessing countenances of the individuals assembled then within it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BULL FIGHTING AT NIMES.

At the recent agricultural exhibition at Nimes, the interest was centred in the bull fight. Despite the exertions of the Inspector General of Agriculture and his assistants, peaceable bulls, fruitful cows, sheep, rams, hogs, machines, etc., were unheeded. The entire interest was diverted to the fighting arena, as shown in our engraving. The heroes of the *fete*, and of whom every one was speaking, were El Yato and his assistant, El Regatelo, the piccadores, the chulos, the banderillos, and the entire escort of the Toreados, came expressly from Spain for these *fetes*. Four Alguazils, preceded by an Alcalde, who was undoubtedly a commissary of police, demanded of the Prefect of the Guard, who represented the Ayuntamiento, the key of the *toril*. Then entered the quadrilla, who fiercely made the tour of the arena; then commenced the slaughter of half a dozen magnificent bulls, according to the tradition of glorious Spain. Prodigies of agility, address and *sang froid* were performed usually to the disadvantage of the bulls, of which accounts have already appeared in our columns. Our engraving represents the sport in full play, with the enraged bull in pursuit of his tormenters.

ACTRESSES' HUSBANDS.—There is a sort of well dressed vagabond who strolls about the stage door and side scenes of theatres, with the most honorable intentions on the incomes of any clever and well looking actress who may happen to be unmarried. The professional emoluments of a married woman belonging, according to law, to her husband, and falling heiresses, to whom it is somewhat difficult to obtain introductions, perhaps no better bargain can be made by an idle adventurer fond of clothes, cigars, and betting rooms, than a union with a rising singer or actress. These *chevaliers de paresse* wish to be known as "Miss So-and-so's husband." It is almost a profession, and its emoluments can be calculated with more than the certainty of the turf, thus:—"Gloriana" (the name of the actress) makes thirty pounds per week, one thousand five hundred pounds per annum; Gloriana will last—bar accidents, i. e., her popularity will last fifteen years; total, twenty-two thousand five hundred pounds, not reckoning a visit to the United States, which might make more. All this irrespective of gifts, presentations, &c. At the end of fifteen years, her good looks and attractions faded, perhaps gone; then—umph. Considered from a commercial point of view, the actress is almost the equal of the heiress, while she is certain to be more accessible.—*Town Hood's Comic Annual.*

SLANG.—A painful and puzzled father writes to a London paper regretting a victory won by his son, which gave him more annoyance than any moderate defeat would have done. His boy is at a well known public school and has acquired some reputation as an athlete, purchased, however, at the expense of his literary attainments. Recently, having engaged a cab in the metropolis, on dismissing it the driver objected to the fare, and was insolent. "My son," writes the father, "who had just borrowed what he called a 'half-skid' of me, promptly took up the cudgel, or, in other words, the coarse language of the streets, and metaphorically smote the cabman hip and thigh. 'Were we such a brace of fools,' he asked with indignant fervor, 'as to pay showful prices for riding in a blessed growler? Did the driver think to flummox us by his lip, because he thought we weren't fly to him. He (the driver) must get up earlier and go to bed without getting buffy, which he hadn't done for a week of Sundays, before he found that little game would draw in the dibs. No more tight that we were, wasn't he?—(with great depth of meaning this)—then what made him so precious flshy about the gills, if he hadn't been out on the batter the night before?" This the youngster speaks of as the lingo his pals talk at school.

"NOT OUR JIM."—A Rocky Mountain paper publishes an obituary notice of the famous "Jim," chief of the Washoe Indians, who died recently. Jim seems to have possessed many virtues. He is said to have been a good though very dirty red man. He possessed a well balanced head of hair and stomach enough for all he could get to eat. His regard for truth was notable—he never meddled with it. He left no will, and his estate, consisting of a pair of boots, will have to be settled by his heirs through the medium of a game of "old sledge." After life's fitful "fever and ague" Jim sleeps well.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Terms—Invariably in advance. New York Clipper.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 5 850 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

Advertisements must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

L. O., Boston.—A and B are playing cribbage. A plays a pone, B one light, A a nine and B a six, for which he (B) proceeds to take five points, four for sequence and one for "go" or set card. A plays to the four points for sequence, because he cards were not played in regular order, the nine having been played before the six. Can B count the four for sequence or not?.....He can. So long as the sequence is complete, it matters not in what order the cards are played.

Little Ned, Baltimore.—1. Sebastian is a good bareback rider, but is not considered champion. 2. It is a good circus, but not the best in this country; it will probably appear in your city in June. 3. Mr. F. Howe is not proprietor of. 4. See our Gymnasium column. 5. The courts have decided that the Railroad Scene is the property of Mr. Daly, and parties using it must pay him for each night's representation.

Lobster Point, New York.—1. The parties throwing 18 are entitled to the first and second prizes, and merely throw off the tie to see who has the first choice. The party who threw 17 has no claim whatever to the second prize. 2. You lose your bet, for the intent and understanding of it was, that your friend had bought his coat in an auction room, which he had not done.

C. W. S., Washington, D. C.—Yes, the police interfered frequently previous to the Heenan and Sayers match. As an instance we cite the case of Tom Maley, who was to have fought Gid (nor E. L., but W., *alias* "Paddy") June 13th, 1848, but was apprehended and bound over; second meeting appointed August 29th, 1848, but Gid was arrested and bound over for six months.

Locust Point, Baltimore.—1. We published a portrait of Lehr in the Clipper of May 28th, 1864. 2. The Old Bowery holds the most, but the Stadt seats the greater number. 3. Several parties claim the honor. 4. She learnt the snare drum in this city last summer. 5. They are at present living in retirement in Brooklyn.

Constant Reader, Ohio.—1. Dexter is by Rysdick's Hambletonian, out of an American star mare owned by Mr. John Overbaugh. 2. Patsy Shephard has fought and beat Johnson, Allman, Con. Riordan; was beaten by Atkinson, and made a set with Mike Coburn. 3. The paper mentioned is no recognized authority on either turf or ring matters.

Charlotte, Baltimore.—1. Mr. Jefferson has one or two children living. 2. They are considered good gymnasts, but not the best in the country. 3. Cannot say when they will appear in your city. 4. Al red is at present in this city; the other brothers are performing in New Orleans. 5. They get good work so that it does not make them sick.

H. O. Lyndsburg, Va.—1. The time of the two mile race between Nina and Red Eye, on he Fairfield Course, Va., in the summer of 1853 (June meeting), was 3:46-3:54. 2 Nina, Red Eye and Lasco ran a four mile heat over the Broad Rock Course, Va., in the Fall meeting (Oct.) of 1853, and not 1854; time, 7:48, 7:46¾, 7:49, Nina winning the second heat.

W. E. H., Nebraska City.—1. The Cincinnati are department pomeroys the most powerful apparatus, but the Baltimore department is considered the most effective by those most qualified to judge on the point. 2. The meaning of the expression sandbagging is when you could beat him at games or bilbards for a stake of $2. Your mental reservation will not avail you.

Fire Fly.—1. We do not know the lady's age. 2. They will not appear in your city for the present. 3. She is considered the best in the trio in her line of business. 4. Harry does, but we believe his act is a non-professional. 5. Earl in Pelham. 6. He has played several characters; besides "Rip Van Winkle." 7. There is no such champion.

C. F. B., Baltimore.—1. About twenty-two hundred. 2 You can sell them if the manager grants permission. 3. The Hanlon Brothers have a U. S. patent for the manufacture of the two wheel velocipede. 4. Sam is in the south. Cannot say when Haggin will visit your city. 6. She is in California at present and has no agent.

Lily, Washington.—1. Laura Keene was born in England, Hermiones in New York, Isabella Hinckly New York, Raphael De Solis (now at Bryan's) in London. Wm. John Wood, London, and E. A. Sothern, London. 2. Henry Lorraine made his debut in America Dec. 12th, 1856, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, as Claude Melnotte.

Cap, Goshen, Ind.—"C bets B that New York State will go 20 000 Democratic at the last election. Who wins the bet?" .... As Hoffman was a democratic candidate, and he had over 20,000 majority, it is our opinion that this State did go 20,000 democrat; consequently C wins.

J. C. and O'Hara, Washington, D. C.—The Hon. John Morrissey was born in Templemore county, Tipperary, Ireland, Feb. 5, 1831. The rough and tumble fight between him and Bill Ford, for $1000, occurred at the Amos street dock, July 27, 1853.

A Constant Reader, Augusta, Ga.—1. Deerfoot ran 11 miles, 700 yards, in one hour, Hathaway Week, London, Eng., Jan. 13, 1863. 2. Jackson ran 11 miles, 300 yards, in one hour. 3. Bell Lang ran 2 miles in 9 minutes, 11 seconds.

A Subscriber, Philadelphia.—Although Daniel M. Fox has taken possession of the office and is now acting as Mayor, the election is still before the courts, and until the case is legally disposed of the wager cannot be paid.

W. T.—Whole Barge is considered the best at present on the stage. 2. John Regan, who frequently advertises in the Clipper, teaches the art. 3. Johnny is the leading comedian at present engaged there.

Dick, Chillicothe.—1. Perry Powers' Circus brought their season to an abrupt termination in Chicago in 1866. 2. Kit North, son of Levi J. North, died in Columbus, Ohio, April 15th, 1867. He was engaged with Mr. Nelson's Circus.

Novice, Washington.—1. We have no recollection of the trouble you refer to. 2. Her maiden name is Siddons, and she is a great grand daughter of *the* Mrs. Siddons. She married a Mr. Scott.

Montreal.—As no referee was appointed, and the judges cannot agree, the race must be run over again unless they mutually agree to a draw. The neglect to select a referee was a gross oversight.

C. W. H., Cleveland.—1. We believe it is the same Clarke you mention. 2. The advertisement makes three lines and will cost you 45 cts. each week. Duplicate the advertisement if you wish it inserted.

W. J. W., Washington.—We cannot inform you when it was first sung, but it has been popular in the London Music Halls for some time, long before W. H. Lingard was ever heard of in this country.

New Hat, Chicago.—"In a four-handed game of euchre my partner orders up the trump and plays it alone. The dealer claims the right to play alone against him, and to count four in he wins all the tricks. Can he do so?".....No.

Sam Mills, Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. No; Lang and Richards' dead heat was made in the quickest time upon record, level. Lang ran a mile in 4 minutes 2 seconds, down hill. 2. Sayers beat Jack Martin in 23 rounds, 65 minutes, Jan. 26 h, 1853.

C. H. W., Canonsburgh, Pa.—1. One dollar is the charge. 2. It is none owing to custom, besides all theatres do not have their stages built exactly alike. 3. No such work has ever been published.

Fourham.—"A and B, in a game of euchre, agree that the player who puts the best euchre card deals; A cuts the ace and B the Jack. Who is entitled to the deal?".....B, with his Jack, is entitled to the deal.

W. J. P., Pittsburgh.—The following are the winners, in succession, of the English Derby, since 1850. Thormanby, Kettledrum Caractacus, Mccaroni, Blair Athol, Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, Hermit and Blue Gown.

W. D. C., Tunkhannock, Pa.—1. Flora Temple is 24 years old next April. 2 The fare to California is not always the same. First cabin, $320; 2d cabin, $150; steerage, $75; are the rates now.

Miss H., Chicago.—1. Giving puppies whisky sometimes but not always has the effect mentioned, but it invariably ruins their constitutional health. Don't try the experiment. 2. Maggie Mitchell is not married.

J. U. K., Amboy, N. J.—The limits of the different fighting weights are as follows:—Feather, up to 8st. or 112 lbs.; light, up to 9st. 7lbs. or 133lbs.; middle, up to 11st. or 154lbs.; heavy, all above 154lbs. 2. No brother.

Constant Reader, Omaha.—1. Before his inauguration Gen. Grant will have to resign his military position. 2. A having drawn three cards is compelled to take them, and discard three out of his hand.

Lord Tod Byron.—1. Make personal application to the stage manager during the day. 2. She is traveling with a dramatic company through the West. 3. Twelve lines will cost you $1 80.

N. S. V., Montreal, C. E.—The race should be run over, and, in case one of the men refuses to run, the stakes should be awarded to the man who is willing, unless they mutually agree to divide the money.

S. N. W. 1. There are several good female clog dancers. 2. Jennie Bens n. 3. Helene Smith. 4. With the Carter Zouave Troupe. 5. To Mr. Coote, ballad singer.

W. J. R., Kentucky.—1. If you are a first class performer, it is a good business. 2. They are not the best clog dancers in the business. From $35 to $60 a week.

C. H. Hamlin, Bloomington.—1. There are no cutlers by that name in the "City Directory." 2. Yes to both questions. 3. Yes. 4. Yes; Gunther, C. G. & Sons, 502 and 504 Broadway.

J. R. H., Colton, N. Y.—Bill Poole weighed 187 pounds, but we do not know whether that was his exact weight at the period you mention.

W. E. S., Washington, D. C.—Numerous times. Tass Parker beat Tom Britton, adjourned fight, May 8 h, 1848; Britton was arrested and bound over for twelve months.

Inquirer, Pittsburgh.—1. For one insertion 45 cts. For 3 months, cash in advance, $4.50. 2. Joseph Proctor is still on the stage.

Boots and Shoes.—As there was evidently a misunderstanding in regard to the terms of the bet, the money should be drawn.

Isaac Nichols.—"A and B are playing a game of seven up. A turns up a four of spades, B begs and A runs and turns up Jack of same suit. Does the Jack count or not?".....Yes.

Philadelphia.—1. Four aces beat a straight flush. 2. The Deerfoot of Columbia does not belong to any Club; it possesses an independent jurisdiction of its own.

Reader, Harrisburg.—1. We know nothing of the gray gelding Sarasate, and cannot tell you his best time. 2. Legal Tender ran 1:44 is the fastest mile record in America.

Abel, Boston.—J. Payne Collier's notes and emendations to the text of Shakespeare, published by Redfield, of 110 and 112 Nassau street, this city, in 1853, is what you want.

M. D. C., Ohio.—Jane Lee never appeared on the stage since her marriage. She was an ordinary stock actress, and there are a great many on the stage whose style resembles hers.

Reader, Salem, O.—1. You cannot obtain them anywhere. 2. Sayers fought sixteen times and was defeated but once—by Nat Langham.

F. P., Washington, D. C.—1. Write to the secretary of the club, care of this office. 2. There are no works published in this country upon the subject which we can recommend.

W. J. S.—Seventy-five yards, 9 seconds; two hundred and twenty yards, 26 seconds; quarter mile, 1 minute, 2 seconds; half mile, 2 minutes, 26 seconds. Thanks.

J. H. K., Philadelphia.—Two sixes and three trays count eighteen at cribbage, viz.:—ten by fifteens, six for pair royal and two for a pair.

Constant Reader.—On Dec. 8th, 1842, he was first exhibited in this city at Barnum's Museum. He is said to have been born in January, 1832.

N. W. Reader, Baltimore.—1. It will seat about 1 600 people. 2. Dan Rice is still living. 3. Lotta is the most profitable one. 4. Not as on this occasion, as he goes to California shortly.

A. C., Portsmouth.—1. Mr. Prince, and Heenan fought in 1858 and 1859. 2 Glad at we never belonged to Mr. Ten Broeck. You are therefore wrong on both points.

C. E. M., St. Louis.—You having failed to make the three points you gave for the ties, pay your score back to seven, for you cannot count the point you made with the ace.

A. N., Allegheny City, Pa.—Sloeum for Seymour got 420,883 votes, and Roberts for Grant got 419,883, making the majority exactly 10 000.

Down East Boy.—1. We cannot give you the precise time; 9 hours and 16 minutes had elapsed at the close of the 100th round, and twenty more rounds were fought. 2 Poole.

Charles M., York, Eng.—Letter received. All's well. Will reply soon.

Curious, Springfield.—1. Purchase a copy of Davidge's Footlight Flashes, from the American News Company, this city. 2. Maggie is not married. 3. Mr. Nathan resides in this city.

"Clay," Philadelphia.—The position is filled at present. Most of the items in pages of the 6th you will find in last week's paper, issued on the 9 h.

Traveler, Chicago.—Thanks for your offer, but we have correspondents in nearly all parts of the country, so that your kindly proffered services need not be taxed.

J. W., Philadelphia.—He cannot order it down on his partner's deal and then play it alone on the same trump at turn of up.

Adamant, Lewiston.—1. They were the first to make a double clog a specialty. 2. We do not know whether he is married or not.

J. N. H., Pittsburgh.—1. In seven-up the non-dealer scores game in the event of a tie. 2 The player on the right of the dealer must cut his cards if you insist on it.

Billy, the Kid.—1. Yes. 2. Don't know. 3. There are none. 4. At Tony Pastor's, in this city. 5. Hughy Dougherty.

Gandy, Syracuse, N. Y.—1. The Rutuals played the Nationals of Albany, last season. 2. The Nationals never defeated the Mutuals.

M. R., Jr., Troy, N. Y.—The rule says the ball must be held on the base before the striker reaches it.

Ned, of Nashville.—The draught horse is stronger than the ox.

Greyhound, Rochester, N. Y.—Address Stephen Roberts, care of this office.

Red Riding Hood, Bordentown, N. J.—Will answer your questions next week.

Jimmy McE., Winchester, Pa.—Accept the challenge already issued and post, and then it will savor of business.

Singer and Snyder, Easton, Pa.—A having low goes out first, low counting before high game

H. S.—We never read such a statement in any paper. It is absurd to suppose that such is the case.

Bolliet.—A strike each time, in a string of ten frames, twelve balls, counts 300.

John Cook, Paw Paw, Mich.—As the official returns are the only figures to be governed by, J. M. wins.

Don, Newburgh.—Bets have been decided in favor of those who sent their pile on Seymour's majority.

Count, Charlestown, Mass.—1. It is a sequence. 2. The deal is right hand man cuts, and he deals to the left.

Melville Glee Club, St. Louis.—1. Who do you refer to? 2. We cannot give the private address of no person.

Newark.—At the last census it was 815 000, but now it is said to be over 1,000,000.

Old Subscriber, Plymouth.—Boston and Fashion ran their celebrated race on the Union Course, L. I., May 10th, 1842.

Edward, Cincinnati.—Your offer is duly appreciated, but we already have a correspondent in your city.

T. P. H.—Your local sketch is not up to our standard, and it is therefore respectfully declined.

I. W. S., St. Louis.—"In a game of euchre can I order my opponent up when I have not a trump in my hand?".....Yes.

Homer.—B's hand is foul, and he has no claim to the pool, nor can he withdraw what he put in.

A Subscriber, Cincinnati.—You cannot go alone on his make.

Smithers, Troy.—He is a clever performer, but certainly not the most expert in the business.

Rocks, Baltimore.—He would probably have Meltar Moss leaning on his umbrella.

A. R., Boston.—Care Arlington Hall, Chicago, is the way to address him.

Frederick Wilmer, Davenport, Ia.—For three months, cash in advance, $7.80.

L. and B., Sag Harbor.—None but the oldest hand or age has the privilege of going blind; therefore C could not go blind.

G. H. F., Escanaba.—We cannot inform you whether he has any or not.

Frank, Buffalo.—We never employ traveling agents in any capacity.

Richard, Wood's Run.—We believe she appears in Pittsburgh in a few weeks.

F. H., Chicago.—Barney Fahery was born in Cork in 1823. He is a bookseller.

F. S. M.—We send your letter to Mr. Harrison, who is with a dramatic company at Charleston, S. C.

Henry G. Thompson, Baltimore, Md.—We have some back numbers of volume XV.

A Subscriber.—1. Frank Ambrose. 2. We cannot inform you.

A New Hat, St. Louis.—B will return A his money and pay for two hats himself if he is an honorable man.

Petroleum Centre.—We cannot give you the address of any manufacturer of air guns.

Billy Mogray, Chicago, Ill.—1. Coburn, if there was any choice between them. 2. Three times.

Garrison and Everman, Chicago.—For three months, cash in advance, $12 48.

N. C. F., Auburn.—Draft received all right. We calculate 13 weeks for three months.

Fatty, Baltimore.—1. Three Kings and two nines beat three Queens and two aces. 2. Of course it is foul.

C. H. C., Lockport.—If he is a performer of any consequence, articles are signed by manager and performer.

O. B. S., Allegheny City.—We have not heard of the lady for some time.

Nameless, Washington.—We cannot give you the information you seek.

Sean, Dublin.—"Humpty Dumpty" was first produced at the Olympic, in this city, March 30th, 1867.

D. D., Wood's Run.—He is traveling with a minstrel party bearing his name.

Stew.—Gertrude is said to be 19 years of age.

R. S. A., Crompton.—We do not know the lady.

Alpha.—In raffles, three votes beat three aces.

George Dawson, Morris Run, Pa.—There are none for sale.

Shorty.—The five Jacks counted.

Chicito, Canandaigua.—Your postage thing is all wrong.

Whitmore & Co., Detroit.—Cash received all right.

James McKay.—A letter for you at this office.

G. A.—Ten thousand.

O. P. H. C., Pittsburgh.—We are already supplied.

M. C. C., Baltimore.—They are at present in Pittsburgh.

Namau, Brooklyn.—Drover was a pacer.

Dick.—Fifty dollars.

BROADWAY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY SINCE.

It seems but yesterday that our noblest of avenues, Broadway—now shrunken to quite a narrow thoroughfare, owing to the majestic height of the buildings and the increasing encroachments of business—was the favorite promenade of all the belles and beaux and all the notabilities of the town. Did a popular leader, or actor, or author desire to find material for his gossip or to add for reflection, he must seek it on Broadway. Did a lover wish an interview with his mistress, it was thither he resorted. And did an injured party demand redress for real or fancied wrong, at the point of the cowhide, it was on the fashionable side of Broadway that he flourished it. People were then beginning to hear of one Stewart, who occupied a comparatively mean little place on Broadway, near Murray street. The Castle Garden, as a place of public amusement, was still in vogue, under the management, about that time, of French and Heiser, soon to be immortalized by the *debut* of Jenny Lind—flaring up into unusual brilliancy for that purpose like a candle on the point of going out forever. In those days, although not very remote, the idea of its degenerating into the common sewer of dirt and filthiness which it has since become, was never entertained. The Battery was still a favorite resort of young and old, although the negro uptown ward was commencing. Loungers used to refresh themselves by a plunge in Robinson's baths, alongside the bridge, and enjoy a subsequent hour over punch and cigars in an arm chair, in front of Pete Bayard's, listening in the evenings to the "fairy-like music" of the band. About these days New York had a spell of cholera, and it was in the doorway of Robineau's that Billy Vache, the eccentric comedian of the Broadway Theatre, passed all of his time not devoted to rehearsals or acting, being actually *fright ned* into the cholera, and died of it at last. Stephen Whitney, General Morton, and several of our leading merchant princes, yet resided in the fine brick mansions now devoted to purposes of trade. The Old Washington Headquarters, considered one of the most symmetrical edifices in the city, was beginning to be looked after as a promising investment by prominent hotel keepers, and finally passed in to the hands of Wash Bartlett and his brother, from the Bowery. Many of the leading hotels were situate within a few blocks, the City Hotel still rearing its solid walls, with the Persian Franconie adjoining. Opposite was Guerin's famous confectionery, where one might get cakes that would melt in his mouth, and brandy that had not felt the deteriorating effect of excise laws. Scudder's was still the Museum at the corner of Ann and Park Row, of which the leading feature was Adrien, the magician, one of that good old school whom the Heliers and Houdins of our time so completely throw into the shade. Harrington was there with his Dioramas, and there, in the basement, was Peter Stelle's terrapin lunch, where aldermen resorted. Peale's Museum exhibited its stereotyped curiosities. Shades houses were frequented in Thames street, by Trinity Church and the alleys diverging. The consecration of the present fane (a third on that site), took place in the latter part of May, 1846, when all the eminent Episcopal divines were, with a peaceable set, with no ritualism to quarrel over) were present, and among the choir figured such names as those of Dr. Hodges (organist), Mrs. Loder, Mrs. Bostwick, Miss Sinclair, Mr. Massot (the present "Jeems Pipes"), Mr. Leach (now a leading vocalist of San Francisco), Mr. Kyle, Mr. Watson, Mr. George Loder—whom everybody knew, and, knowing, loved. George P. Morris, if we remember aright, wrote an "ode," and on a certain summer's morning we first listened to the chimes just imported for the belfry. Columbia College and grounds closed the access from Park Place to Robinson street. The old Jail and Bridewell, which stood cheek-by-jowl with the City Hall, had but recently been demolished, and the day of the "old leather-heads" (helmeted policemen) was but latterly over. In Chambers street, near Broadway, was the office of the fashionable dentist, Dr. Burdell; near it, on the same street, was Palmo's brilliant *café* where he builded his Opera House, which erred into Burton's Theatre, where that comedian made his first pecuniary success, and John Brougham flourished. (Dear, dear! how old we are getting, all of us!) The Park Theatre was jubilant in the presence of Fanny Elsler, Madame Augusta (the Countess St. James), and the Sequins and Myers, with Sweet Mary Taylor in the *ballet*; and don't we remember how a whole house "came down" over her singing of "Fill the Cup with Rosy Wine?" Whenat! There was yet the old "Café des Milles Colonnes" of Pinieux, and opposite the City Hospital, Dan rust Astbury Watling ("Little Bittern" the lawyers called him) owned some houses which at Hamblin's instigation he converted in to the first Broadway Theatre, where Forrest and Madame Foulsi, and Wallack, and pretty Rose Feilden subsequently flourished. The French Opera Troupe, with Calve for prima donna and Gazzaniga for leader (think of Gazaglia) was trying to electrify the *dilettanti*. Here was the Broadway Tabernacle, owned by Deacon Hale of the *Journal of Commerce*, where Ole Bull, Vieuxtemps, Sivori, and Burke gave their concerts; and orations were frequently given. Castelli's Garden was yet popular. Above, adjoining Mitchell's Olympic, was Tattersall's horse mart, and above this little or nothing worthy of notice. Gazing upon the rows of magnificent structures which now line the sides of that sumptuous thoroughfare, and remembering what it was in times not long vanished, one can only raise his hands and eyes in astonishment and exclaim, "what a change!"

ANOTHER PIOUS SQUEAL.

The Young Men's Christian Union, even within their ornamental audience chambers in their palace on the Fifth avenue, are in a pack of trouble, should we deem authentic the published reports of the opinions expressed by the clerical guardians of that aristocratic *cedrix*. The Union, which, by the way, boasts a very expensive and ultra-gorgeous method of advertising its existence, is at present in a state of excitement at the discovery made by one of its missionaries, that a vast majority of New Yorkers are not in the habit of attending the regular temples dedicated to divine worship. And what is worse, suggested one of the luminaries, the common people of the metropolis have the habit of a-testing theatres, which he denounced, after the manner of habitual Pharisees, as a most expensive and useless amusement. To counteract the tendency of the popular preference, a philosophical exhorter urged the extension of the missionary system, so that the stray of the fold may be weaned back to the pure milk of the Methodist Church, and this idea struck the congregated wisdom of the Union as perfection in sagacity. A political economist, when arguing rationally upon the force of moral principles, generally confines his demonstrations to the product or statistical investigation, but ministers of the gospel, we regret to say, do not believe in the adage that figures cannot lie; on the contrary, anything like a mathematical calculation rarely enters into their minds when fervently denouncing the existence of that which they are pleased to term an evil, whose presence is more apparent than real.

When a preacher holds forth against the prevalence of theatrical amusements and their extravagance as to pecuniary cost to the individual, he forgets that the entire sum annually expended by a community of a million of souls for dramatic and musical entertainments does not amount in the aggregate to the monies expended yearly for the religious specialties of Bible and tract printing, of city and foreign missions, of Christian Unions and other institutions wholly outside the true and legitimate province of a well regulated church establishment. Now, the monies in this wise expended are drawn, directly or indirectly, from the masses of our people, who, from the very nature of these clerical creations, can have no personal return for their investment. And again, beyond this consideration four-fifths of the monies, enormous as they will appear, when statistically investigated, are, in an economic point of view, actually wasted; that is, the government, national, State or local, derives little or no revenue from their collection and investment, while the establishments enjoy the immunities of citizenship with none of its onerous duties. Does the general government insist upon taxing the income of a missionary society, while the hand of the collector is placed upon the treasury of an insurance or banking company, even those for the savings of the poor?

But when we come to institute a comparison between the immense value of church property on this island and the prodigal salaries bestowed upon popular preachers, and the actual worth of real estate devoted to public entertainments, with an estimate as to the niggardly stipends doled out to actors, musicians and other performers, we will at once perceive that, were the expense divided *pro rata* between church goers and theatre goers relatively, the former expends, actually and absolutely, in one single year, an amount which the other cannot possibly contribute in side of ten, at the most liberal rate of patronage. And yet were we, with this startling actual evidence staring every man in the face, to insinuate that a poor man, or even one of the middling classes, should abstain from church attendance upon the score of economy and duty to his family, we should be held up as the wickedest of reprobates, willing to jeopardize man's souls for dollars and cents. Our clerical friends would undoubtedly arrive at this conclusion through a little sophomorical reasoning, based, however, upon false logic.

For an intelligent man to visit a theatre and there listen to the divine language of Shakespeare as enunciated and made manifest to his capacity by Forrest, Booth, or any other actor who has devoted years of study for the proper realization of his profession, must be regarded as an intellectual luxury which he is instructed to forego, as it is attendant with cost, but to assort habitually to a church edifice and therein to the expounding of the Scriptures by the Rev Henry Ward Beecher or some other learned divine is declared to be a moral duty, not to be neglected under penalty of jeopardizing your eternal future, even if it cost, as it does, quadruple the expense of the other mentioned entertainment.

The average cost of pew rental alone, in this city, is at least one hundred and fifty dollars per family of church attendants, and, when to this sum are added the incidentals accompanying persistent worship, such as subscriptory contributions, donations, and a host of minor extortions, it augments each little exertion to double, say three hundred dollars annually, to rend a church, whose pastor bears a anything of a reputation. Now, although we can arrive at no very definite approximation as to the extent of theatre-attending families, but presuming every theatre crowded to repletion, it can be estimated that the average of expenses annually incurred for theatrical and musical entertainments cannot exceed fifty dollars per family. Indeed, it would require a single individual to visit a theatre every night of performances the year round to reach the family average demanded to support church membership. We are aware that mathematical calculations of heathens surprise an irreflective speculator on abstruse points, but facts are stubborn things and when properly arranged do much to dispel popular delusions.

But, says the Christian Unionist, there are free churches, cheap churches and open air missions, and still people will not attend even these economical contrivances, while they pay to go into theatres. And sure we must decidedly, they do, when they receive the worth of their money, and say further most decidedly they would not were such not the case, for mortals are obstinate and self-opinionated, and regarding, as most do, preaching as a branch of trade, they are willing to pay liberally for the quality of the commodity vended; in fact, the very term free is obnoxious to the personal pride of a sensitive man, who feels to application a distinguishing mark of caste and an insult, aggravating the misfortune of poverty.

Any one who has watched the complexion of popular religious movements of late can detect that there exists a latent desire on the part of a portion of the religious community to revive a fruitless, but vexatious agitation against the drama and collateral amusements. At the present moment it is apparently unsanctioned by the most luminous dignitaries of ecclesiasticism; but if the turmoil be not suppressed at its inception these sons will be erected, through popular clamor, to lead their countrymen to a crusade, which, however disconsonant it may be to their personal convictions, partakes of a character intimately allied to their calling that is their bread and butter. We have already seen the Rev. Mr. Fox as bugleman to the advancing army, the pioneer of an obscure body who believe that when the cauldron of intolerance is well set bubbling, they will ascend from the dregs at the bottom and shine for a while upon the surface of troubled waters.

In the event of the Puritanical spirit which, a few years back, obtained a temporary mastery over the sober thought of the community, being re-evoked, there can be no doubt as to the ultimate result of the controversy; still it is far preferable for all concerned that no such agitation should be encouraged or suffered to be inaugurated, for the frenzy of weak-minded bigotry is contagious, although never permanent. Your crazy is within the province of imbecility, to recruit requires the work of time, and consequently the arm of assault should be paralyzed at the outset. A lunatic destroyed the Temple of Ephesus, the architectural marvel of the world, and how many sins men will suffer by a similar act of folly.

"MADE UP."

One hears a vast deal of twaddle on every side on the subject of made up men and women. A great portion of the ridicule levied against those whose only sin is in resisting the encroachments of age and doing what little they can to conceal its ravages, comes from people who are scarcely employing the self same artifices, and who fondly dream that they are successful in disguising the cheat. Not long since a well known charge or was in the daily habit of walking Broadway, whose glossy, jet black hair and upright bearing were the admiration of all beholders. But on a certain occasion he was observed, while standing in a group of idlers, to collapse and fall suddenly to the ground. "What was it?" roared a bystander; "sunstroke?" "Rupture?" roared another. "Blood vessel?" "No," replied the victim, faintly; "it was only my *stays*!" Our dandy had for a long time escaped detection by sneaking at others, but his turn had come at last, and it was found that he was the most elaborately "made up" man in town. A lady found herself in an equally awkward dilemma, who had been in the habit of jeering at those of her sex who preferred the artificial bloom imparted by rouge to the fresh tints of nature, and whose own countenance was a model of transparency and health. But one fatal evening she made her appearance at a party with a face which, under the influence of heat, was rapidly changing from ruddy red to crimson, and finally to purple. A single glance at a mirror elicited a shriek, and Aqua-fortis fainting upon a sofa. "A rush of blood to the head," "apoplexy," "apoplexy" ran through the crowd. "No, the rouge flask," she unconsciously murmured; and it was thought she had taken poison. So she had outwardly, for in enamelling her own face, as usual, she had got hold of the wrong cheek-scale, and before she had been an hour in the room, she was black as the ace of spades. The unlucky lady had no more supposed her complexion to be artificial than that the swelling bust which acted as a breast-work to her charms was a network of springs and wires, even to the heart which so gently palpitated beneath her undulating bosom. If the practice of indulging in transformation were confined to those who feel that their charms are waning, the case might not be so bad, but, the worst of it is, the young and the comely are falling into the habit of indulging in this excess of decoration and display, the effect being usually the opposite of that intended. The matter of personal improvement is one that is accorded a wide latitude, and whatever may be said of the want of taste sometimes displayed, no one can deny that, exercised with judgment, the resort is fully justifiable, since it is merely putting in practice the idea of beautifying that by which we set most store and which is most worthy of preservation. Only, it must be admitted that there is such a thing as going too far in this, as in other matters, and that it is at least superfluous to gild the lily and adorn the rose.

SKATORIAL.

The world progresses, as long alone in what are known as the useful inventions. We have only to look at our sports and pastimes to see the old adage verified. The crude, half learned games of ball, full of contention and dispute, because not bound by strict rules, have given place to our precise, elegant national game, which, to witness, is as pleasurable as any other athletic exhibition. The men of even 25 years ago would have pronounced a man crazy who would say that a horse could be made to trot his mile in less than 2:20. But it has been done for all that; and the remarkable speed of that day has become almost an ordinary gait for our thoroughbreds.

We easily refine as well as improve in our amusements, and probably no better example can be instanced of this than skating. We all know what skating was a dozen years ago or more. The very thought of it is enough to send a cold thrill through any but a genuine enthusiast. Bleak, open ponds, or long sweeps of river, with the winds blowing small hurricanes down the bed of the stream, and the banks looking "blue" in their cold crust of dry snow, a seat on the ice while fastening on your skates, with fingers benumbed and feeling thick as thumbs; wrenching your ankles out of joint in a vain endeavor to get the skates firmly on your feet; and just as you have the strap drawn up to the right point, finding the buckle-holes do not extend up so far and that you will have to spend a fraction of a lifetime cutting new holes, with an excellent prospect of slashing your strap in two. You skate too long, and such a cold seat is apt to give one a cold in the head.

We still have our country skating; cold, open stretches of ice are still to be met with as in the days of the past. Cold seats are not entirely unknown, even in these days of progress. We saw a letter from a young lady in the country the other day, in which she complained of this identical thing, and also spoke sorrowfully of having no beau to put on her skates. But then the skates themselves! One no longer has to ruin either his feet or his boots, thanks to improved style of skates. We clap them on with the rapidity and precision of machinery. The unsightly straps no longer give one's pedals the aspect of a convict in the penitentiary. Far from it; indeed, the bright silver and glittering steel form a thing of beauty which is a joy forever—as long as the ball is up for skating.

When we come to our cities we have more changes to note than in the mere skates themselves. What a revolution in society has the establishment of private ponds and rinks effected. It used to be a sight to make the astonished public stare to see a lady on skates. Now all of the dear creatures are more or less addicted to the crescent blades, and some of them task their sterner brethren pretty severely to equal them in skill and daring. Our resorts being lit up, they become fashionable places for fashionable folk, after supper. Our theatrical managerial friends can attest this, to their sorrow; for skating has a fascination that is sometimes stronger than the attraction of even a Booth or Jefferson. We have balls, masquerades, everything, even to base-ball matches, on the ice now-a-days; and we cannot imagine a more beautiful sight than a party in fantastic dresses, floating around on the glistening mirror of ice. Yes, skating is fascinating—but like most human pleasures, it has its drawbacks. There isn't much pleasure for an awkward fellow; he can't conceal his defects in grace or skill, and has to take with good humor the laughs raised at his expense. Then if a fellow falls, and something in the garment line gives way—it is terrible to think of! "Doesticks" once fell and burst his pantaloons; and, having a couple of ladies with him, had to pretend that both his legs were broken, and sent his "pals" for doctors. But that was off on a large pond. That wouldn't work in a rink. There would be too many about to pack the sufferer up, and expose the flimsy dodge—and himself too, probably.

ENCHANTED LAND.

A great majority of our fellow humans have at some period in their lives been swayed to a certain extent by the feeling which is poetically said to invest every object in nature with *couleur de rose*. There is an early stage in the existence of nearly every man and woman which appears to the inexperienced vision to be gilded with a perpetual sunlight, and has, therefore, been appropriately termed the morning of life. We know there are people, very useful in their way, who frown upon all such inclinings as not being practical in their tendency, but what would life be worth if it were exclusively made up of "Gradgrinds?" Suppose there were none to wear costly clothing or jewels, to patronize amusements, to partake of the pleasures of field and turf, to drink good wines, or to give entertainments? What would become of us, and where would be all the crowded museums, the works of art and taste, the institutions of far-reaching benevolence and science, with which this prodigious city doth abound? Yes—which, even would be the fine salaries of our favorite clergymen, and, consequently, where the clergymen themselves? Echo answers briskly—digging potato patches and doing work in other vineyards than those of the Lord; for your modern clergyman has a most human hankering after the loaves and fishes—the flesh pots of Egypt. We have seen specimens of the "marvelously proper" sort of young man, but the impression never strikes us favorably. They remind you of people who have grown old before their time—or, rather, who have never been young at all. It is on record (and we have known men of mature years to admit it in their social moments), that many of our ablest divines and pillars of society were as wild as they make them, in their callow days, and used to raise particular Sam with the cause of morals when a boat race was to come off or a spree was on the carpet, and we suppose the thing is going on yet, to the great scandal of the several localities. "I know, dad, it's very bad to be wicked; but there's lots of fun in it!" said a certain young scapegrace, when his paternal sponsor had subjected him to an overhauling. When the Old Ebenezer is in, all the ecclesiastical shovels in the world won't dyke him up, and the best thing to do is to let him sow and give him fair scope; the more energetically he goes at it the sooner he'll tire—and that should be consolation enough for the worldly. Are there not many among the leaders of this—people who take the world quietly enough now—who would gladly give all they have made for a genuine one then? To take the field on a morning when all nature herself seems to have put on her most enticing garb to allure—when she winks at you from accustomed nooks and hedges, and provokingly seems to say, "Come!" What a glorious thing the silver scented horse tha stirs the leaves and fills the swelling sail, leaving a crested ripple on the clear blue waters. What an exhilaration, not to say enchantment, in the sport of the turf, the bailing ground, or the chase! What fascination in the billiard cue or the quiet game of chess—next to that, the game of *all* games—the "royal game!" Can't we all remember the delight with which, in the crowded theatres or circus, we first inhaled the smell of peanuts and orange peel, and how we should have resented any attempt at getting along without them? When pieces like the "Blood Red Knight," or "Honour the Far er," thrilled us with ecstasy or made the hair stand on end—at which we now laugh, and wonder at our complaisance. When *bal* girls were angels and we made it a point to fall in love with 'em regular, as fast as they came before us. We have had glimpses behind the scenes since then, and have variously "been there," but, although a slice of "bread and flavor still lingers, it lacks the "bead" which gave the old wine its flavor, and we are obliged to put up with "cabinet," and can cast ourselves with reminiscences of sparkling Moselle.

Narrow Escape.—The other day, as a farmer was driving across a railroad track, his horse suddenly stopped, and refused to budge an inch. A train was rapidly approaching, and considerable excitement ensued. The train, however, was stopped within a few feet of the obstinate brute, and after a great deal of coaxing and whipping, the track was cleared. We cannot imagine what could have been the horse's *motive for stopping* in the way of a locomotive. It may be that the *track had become a traction*, but he might have caused great havoc. He must be so treated in future that he will not stop a *train* again.

Legal Tender.—Among other things told of the *late* Baron Rothschild, who was so *early* inducted into the art and mystery of money getting, is a story to the effect that by his will he left an annuity of five hundred dollars to every clerk who had been ten years in his service; from the reasons, probably, that every clerk who had served *ten* years must have been very attentive to the wishes of the Baron, and

Ben Rowe, the gymnast, still performs his specialties, and has introduced new acts. Richard Clark and Frank Hall do the fancy business in a very clever style. Dr. Herron, the knife juggler, is much of an attraction, his performance of the forepart of last being well executed. All the features of the entertainment to date being still constantly retained at Mozart Hall, a glorious bill of good things is constantly arranged; the company at present is fully up to the usual good standard, and the stage manager, G. K. Hall, continues to manage his affairs in a satisfactory way. A programme is issued this week for the first time, and will be issued in the future as occasion may require. Novelties for the performers are being constantly added to the bill, and should not be dispensed with. Songs and choruses are nightly rendered, and the rule are exceedingly well maintained by Charlie Howard and the comic artists Boston, Burns and Johnny Harris. The comic artists Boston, Burns and Johnny Harris. The comic artists Boston, Burns and Johnny Harris. The

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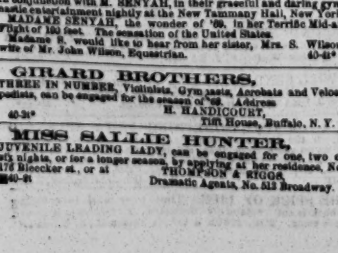

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